

CHEIMONOPEGNION  
OR, A  
WINTER SONG  
BY  
RAPHAEL THORIVS:  
Newly  
TRANSLATED.

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L O N D O N,  
Printed by T.N. for *Humphrey Moseley*, and are to  
be sold at his shop at the sign of the *Princes*  
*Arms* in *S<sup>t</sup> Pauls Churchyard*, 1651.

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RAPHAEL THORIVS  
TO  
CONSTANTINE HUGEIN  
*Knight, &c.*



Know not most renowned Sir, what *Pha-*  
*bean* distempers move you to hale me  
thus willing-unwilling, to the perfor-  
mance of your Poetick vows. This surely  
is a force, yet I must yeild *Non akeru Jura*. It is but  
lately since the learned *Kinschot* received from me  
that which now by the violence of love you strive to  
extort from me. Some 8 days ago I sent to him both  
parts of our Tabaco Hymn. Let it come forth when  
you please; but remember to keep the Authour  
harmless again the Masters of manners, to whom  
perhaps the sleightness of the argument may appear  
ridiculous. I have in store notwithstanding things  
more grave and solid both Ethic and Theologic. So  
that if these preludiums find acceptance, I shall not  
refuse to put them also forth to open view, relying  
on

on the good *omen* of your judgement, that whatever happens on either part may be to you imputed. In the mean while, because the Die is thrown, and the Bolt is shot, according to your request, I send a third Piece not far different from the two former, nor much disagreeing from the season. It is *Winter*, which if it be cold, let it be pardoned for its own names sake. Let it accompany *Patum* or follow it as is most convenient. If it be acceptable to you, *Rutgersius*, *Heinsius*, and *Kinschot*, I shall congratulate, yet perhaps envy the happiness of the off-spring, which the father with so much earnestness desires. Therefore if it may be good and lucky to the Common-wealth, let our Poem see the light, that the merry may be more merry, and the sad may find recreation. Certainly, the nature of men is strange to whom in their old age youthfull pastimes are delightfull, in greatest dangers mirth and wit are acceptable. Seeing therefore they be only sawce and not meat, I hope they may deserve pardon with men whose old age is not too severe. Farewell.

*London, Feb. 26. 1625.*

IN



IN  
HYEMEM

Doctiss. R. Thorii  
D. M.

**S***ic Medicè decuit, sic se curasse Britannè,  
Post fumos nidore frui, meliore culina  
Post lachrymas, avidæque irritamenta saliva.  
En ego me, THORI, convivam sisto, vel umbram,  
Qualem cunque vocas; juvat in tot fercula fundi,  
Et faciem variare gula; juvat esse lepores  
Et lepores; juvat omne tuis condire meracis,  
Brumalèsque dies, niveas, te judice, noctes,  
Noctibus & dubias confundere solibus umbras.  
Tu modo livor ades, nec prandæ disce Galeni  
Semper fatida, nec puta Permesside semper  
Pascier, aut solo vesci nidore Poëtam.  
Hem! tales nec aqua pariunt, nec ædemia Brumæ.*

CONSTANTER.



*In ejusdem*

## **H Y E M E M.**

**F**umus habet finem, nec enim omnis nubibus istis  
Discedit conviva satur, diversa palatis  
Diversis sapiunt; hic apponuntur amicis  
Brumales epula, doctis sermonibus hora  
Falluntur, solvit, sua per convivio, frigus  
Thorius, & ventrem pariter cum lumine pascit.  
Non opus est dapibus, parvisve panatibus oret,  
More suo, veniam, dat condimenta palato  
Grata omni, novit quibus est jus aptius herbis.  
O utinam, Thori, vestris mihi posse daretur  
Colloquiisque frui, lautisque accumbere mensis!  
Nil ego contulerim tam docto sanus amico.  
Fallor! an & mensis adsum conviva secundis,  
Hoc erat in votis, cœnantes inter amicos  
Dulce mihi furere est; nec enim magis ulla palato  
Grata datur, quàm qua condita leporibus, esca.

LUD. à KINSCHOT.

(1).



# CHEIMONOPEGNION

O R,

## *A Winter Song.*

**G**REAT Bards that wont to haunt the springs ere-  
Who now the cold hath sent into exile, (while,  
Or starving want doth urge to beg their meat  
With waiting Verse from men grown rich & great,  
If there be yet who live at ease and free,  
From this unfortunate calamitie,  
Whose breasts are still inspir'd, hear me rehearse  
Far from my native soil a Frozen Verse.  
Fierce is the cold and our *Apollo* freezeth,  
Wanting what with the season sharp agreeth,  
Who long perhaps may rap the great mans gate,  
Before he will his case commiserate ;  
Did not my son by his own pains supply'd,  
To fill the lean and empty gaps provide,  
With bruised Parsenips swimming all in Butter,  
While Apples hot before the fier sputter ?  
And when the Winter deep with hard'ned Ice  
Our Cupboard poor with open war defies,

F

He

He takes his Fathers Harp, and by the fire,  
With pleasing sounds our numm'd will doth inspire.

The northwind blows, the hills are white, the rivers  
Above the baks, day is made dark with snow, (flow,  
The Sun i' th' clouds doth wrap his frozen head,  
Hasting amain unto his Southern bed ;

While *Luna* strives to' expel the tedious night,  
A task too difficult for her weak light.

Congeaied Ificles hang on the beard,  
With wind the eyes do weep, the teeth are heard

To chatter in the mouth, and raging cold

In such sad pain the fingers ends doth hold,

That though hot gales the breath upon them blows,  
They dare not higher mount to cleanse the nose.

Boy, leave thy sliding, lest thy slippery flower  
Deceive thy feet, and in an evill hower

Thy pate and crupper feel the banging force

Of an astounding fall, or which is worse,

Lest on a sudden thy disjoynted thigh

Be put to need the Surgeons Geometrie.

Cast wood upon the fire, thy loyns gird round

VVith warmer clothes, and let the tosts abound

In close array embattel'd on the Hearth ;

And that there may not want t' increase our mirth,

Bring a low table to the scorching flame;

Let Colworts first the raging stomach tame,

That swell with copious lard or churned cream,

And smoking hot do yeild a wholesome steam ;

Or



Or else the globy Cabbage Plowmans fare ;  
 Mustard that bites for the foul nose prepare,  
 With Cretan wine free from the bottome dregs ;  
 Then bring well-larded Collops fri'd with Eggs ;  
 Next with her belly stuffe a tender Hen,  
 Not loosely fat, but well fed from the Pen,  
 Which in her wōb doth numerous off-spring bear.  
 Then fat with hungry winter let appear  
 The royall Pheasant steaming in the platter,  
 Or Partridge neatly drest in wine and water.  
 Now where's the Woodcock in whose tail doth rest  
 More wisdom then in either brain or brest ?  
 Come boy, not yet doth the froze wine return  
 To its liquid substance, yet the flame doth burn  
 About the Flagon; are we tortur'd thus  
 With the sad pains of longing *Tantalus* ?  
 To hear the pot before the fier hiss,  
 Yet be athirst? Patience a vertue is.  
 But friends accuse the hard congealing frost,  
 Say not the cause was in your pinching Host.  
 The hair-brain'd Frenchmans constitution neither  
 Can brook the summers heat or winters weather;  
 But give me Sack, for that despiseth cold,  
 And cures the imperfections of the old,  
 If he the noble liquor largely quasse,  
 Then bid thy sad friend drink, twil make him laugh.  
 Yet too much is imperious in the brain,  
 And like a tyrant doth command and reign.

Heark hither Fill-cup, see'st thou not there plac'd  
 A man with purple nose and ruby-fac'd,  
 On his left ear his cap a to-side hanging  
 Like one in raging wrath and fury brangling ?  
 To him more sparingly remember still  
 The potent liquour, nor so oft, to fill.

Come friends and let the Academic dull-men  
 Handle the thorny questions of the school-men.  
 Let us our heavy minds from care release,  
 For we from Heav'n enjoy this happy ease;  
 Now ought we use those gifts which mother earth  
 Providing for the winter hath brought forth.  
 In vain we spend the howers in melancholy;  
 Enough severe *Chrysippus*; for the jolly  
*Teian* aires this season better fit;  
 Nothing more tedious then a drousie wit.  
 Some junkets now for the fierce appetite,  
 New warres upon the table doth excite.  
 'Gainst winters hunger nothing will prevail,  
 Which makes the wolfe to howl, the dog to wail.  
 Young men behold how the first seasons fear  
 The following frosts, and how the fruitfull year  
 Heaps up together all her plenteous store  
 To fill the craving belly; thus before  
 Old age approach, wise nature teacheth youth,  
 That foolish pleasure vainly he pursu'th, (tain'd,  
 Till he wealth, learning, off-spring, honour have at-  
 That when his fatall hower is ordain'd,

His

His aged mind from cares may be releast.  
 A house for winter-age requireth rest ;  
 I need no blocks to heave me on a Horse,  
 To sit congeal'd to' his sides, as on the Gorse  
 Of the high Alpes, they say, armies were frore  
 To'th' Earth like stones, that they could march no  
 Nor on the sea to venter is my will, (more.  
 Though *Drakes* assisting fortune, or his skill  
 Should give me promise of the wealthy spoil  
 That *Cadize* fleet brings from the golden foil,  
 Or great *Ragozzi* dum with a squinance,  
 Should write me heir to his cold inheritance.

Now the warm Stover of *Westphalia*,  
 With stones and curses seeks to drive away  
 The early travellers that mail'd in ice  
 All means with prayers and threatnings do devise  
 To make him leave his warm couch, oft deni'd,  
 And the fat bofs-breech steaming by his side,  
 He having thaw'd their joynts, & warm'd their fir,  
 Crams them again, though lazily they stir,  
 Thick into a cart, to wander on the plain,  
 And number the *Bear* stars, or *Charles* 'is wain.  
 In this alone well skilld', else empty fangs  
 In what to human ornament belongs.  
 As much too wise the Hollander appears,  
 Whose labours have been great for many years,  
 Lest any one before him should be thought  
 Into the VVest hot Pepper to have brought ;

(6)

To the North Pole his stiddy stern he guides,  
While rands of ice do thwack the vessels sides ;  
And all the tedious night the ice he wounds,  
Endeavouring to remove great natures bounds :  
Thus while he hews his passage through the deep,  
The penetrating cold begins to creep  
Close to his heart, when loth to give his Corse  
Unto the greedy VVhale or wild Sea-horse,  
He leaves the narrow ship, and coming out,  
Rambles the marble Ocean all about :  
Straight to the Coasts where lasting cold abides,  
Hunger him leads, not having other guides ;  
Thus while he shuns the Hills of hardned snow,  
He is immur'd where he avoids to go.  
Now is he food for bears, bears now his food,  
And roasted weezels if there want not wood ;  
Sometimes he licks a foxes chine, and lest  
Joy should be absent from so great a feast,  
They shout when one of their companions  
By them made chief o'th' frozen regions,  
Takes off his bowle of half congealed sack.  
Thus they expect the Suns returning back ;  
Among the detert Caves and snowy Hills,  
Spending the long nights fore against their wils ;  
Till *Phæbus* thaw the far resounding sea,  
That they may home repass with specious plea,  
To shew their half ears, and their ruin'd noses,  
No longer fit for handkerchiefs or posies;

And

And tell their hard adventures by the fire,  
 While their friends hear and hear, and more desire,  
 And all the time the crackling chesnuts roast,  
 And each man hath his cup, and each his toast.

Who now can travell? scarcely in the town  
 A man can walk with safety up and down,  
 So furious doth the North-wind swagger,  
 The wals, unless I reel, do seem to stagger.  
 Drink friends, with sack calm *Boreas* wild, (mild;  
 For moistning showrs do make the fierce winds  
 In a sad case is he that opes his dore,  
 Unless the whirlwinds wings be clipt before.  
 Hark how the stony hail doth battering fall,  
 Let no man then before his Fates do call,  
 Run headlong to his end; yet if there be  
 Any compell'd by their necessitie,  
 Let him but so long stay his hasty journey,  
 Utill some one can fetch the next Atturney  
 To have his Will writ fair and seal'd with witness;  
 And being then in such a ready fitness,  
 Let him be gon; yet since unarm'd he goes,  
 To keep him from the thick-descending blowes,  
 Let him this head-piece don, that in the dust  
 Hath hung forgotten, brown with twelve years rust.  
 Uncertain are the gifts of Nature here,  
 Together pleasures dwell and drouping fear;  
 There be who for their bodies only care,  
 For their souls safety others do prepare.

In

In peace fair *Britain* joys, but *Gallia* weeps,  
 In civill bloud his sword the *Norman* steeps;  
 Now silent is the air, now to the ground  
 Vast towers tumble with a dreadfull found;  
 Afflicted goes the poor man to his rest,  
 But you whom plenty hath from cares releast,  
 Enjoy your fires, warm beds, and merry friends,  
 He fears not cold who thus the VVinter spends.

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**F I N I S.**

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HYMNUS <sup>2</sup>  
TABACI,

AUTORE  
RAPHAELE  
THORIO.

*Editio Nova, Multò Emendatior.*

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LONDINI,  
Excudebat T. N. pro Hum. Moseley, apud  
insignia Principis in Cœmiterio D. Pauli.

1651.